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PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1915.

Any man can be busy with non-essentials; it is the man who is busy with essential things that counts.

Millions for Port and Transit

SENATOR VARE'S withdrawal of his support from the "conflicting resolution" and his active indorsement of the so-called Taylor amendment removes whatever barrier there may have been to placing Philadelphia finally in a position of financial independence.

The amendment, if ratified by the people, gives to the municipality a borrowing capacity, for transit and port development only, equal to 3 per cent. of the assessed valuation of taxable property. The effect of this is to increase the complete borrowing capacity from 7 to 10 per cent. This gives an absolute increase of over $66,000,000, more than enough to provide the $40,000,000 for transit and the $25,000,000 for port improvement.

In addition, as these great municipal projects become self-supporting, proportionate amounts may be deducted from the general indebtedness in computing borrowing capacity. The authorization of 50-year instead of 30-year bonds reduces the annual sinking fund requirements from 2½ to 1 per cent., and it is provided that interest charges during construction and during the first year of operation may be capitalized.

The proposed amendment proposes to wrench the financial shackles from Philadelphia, to free the municipality, to aid it in the accomplishment of the splendid enterprises it contemplates, to make possible a supply of capital commensurate with the necessities of the metropolis. With the "conflicting resolution" out of the way, the adoption of the Taylor amendment seems to be assured, and with it the future of the municipality.

Round Pegs in Square Holes

ROUND pegs in square holes and square pegs in round holes!

Among the millions who read Senator Root's oration in the Senate yesterday, particularly that part of it in which he declared that "no crime is so wicked as consideration of our foreign affairs with a view to party advantage," a goodly majority, we surmise, came to one certain conclusion, namely, that Mr. Root, valuable as he is in the Senate, would be ten times more valuable at the head of the Department of State.

It is a pity that a nation which boasts a man who measures up to the best traditions of that high office should be out of it; while another man, of comparatively trivial attainments in statesmanship, holds the rudder during one of the most critical periods of our diplomatic and commercial history.

Surfeited With Wonders

WE ARE so accustomed to wonders that the successful transmission of the human voice from New York to San Francisco by telephone hardly stirs the emotions. Those who thought of such things at the time knew that when Doctor Bell talked from Boston to Cambridge over the first telephone line, there was in his invention the potentiality of transcontinental conversation. And the rest of us have taken the gradual improvements in telephony as a matter of course. The man in the street will be only mildly interested in the announcement, when it comes, that it is possible to telephone across the ocean.

One has only to look back to 1875, when the first practical telephone was made, to realize how far the world has moved. There were no electric cars then, and no electric lights; no electric elevators and no electric table toasters or warming pans; and no great factories with all the machinery operated by electric current transmitted 150 or 200 miles from the generating plant. There was not only no practicable telephone, but there was no wireless telegraphy, the most marvelous and awe-inspiring invention of civilized times, which makes it possible for the laboring ship on the trackless deep to raise its beseeching masts to the heavens and cry for help and have its prayer heard and answered. There were no submarines and no airships. There were no illustrated daily newspapers, and no moving picture shows and no talking machines; and no great war engines and no war rending a continent and millions of human hearts at the same time. The wonders and the tragedies that have developed since 1875 are almost past belief.

Most Powerful in Peace

AMERICA'S responsibility to the world is stupendous. Death and destruction are common enough. Earthquakes come and go, hurricanes and storms; the sinking of a Titanic stops the world short in its rushing; famine and floods, epidemics and panics play their part in the tragedy of the human struggle. They are taken as they come, with all their suffering and grief; the strong men of the world grip anew their tasks, the weak ones theirs, and the wheels keep on turning.

The catastrophe in Europe, however, has dazed the participants. They have cut loose every tie to sobriety. They are arguing with a new logic, preaching new doctrines, new because outlawed ages ago, and they are rushing madly into a twin bankruptcy, financial and intellectual. Their arts are being slaughtered in the trenches, their sciences uprooted and their initiative consumed. They are piling ruin upon ruin and tearing up the fabric of civilization.

The whole burden of international conservation has been thrust on the United States. There is a narrow path for it to tread, vindicating its own rights and at the same time giving ample proofs of its sincere neutrality. That it, on any account, should be hurled into the conflict is unthinkable. Not by goad or taunt and not by any other means can that be brought about, for our international duty is greater than our national duty, our power in peace greater than our power in war, our approaching function in the family of nations so clearly defined that to neglect it by following the madness of Europe would be to pull the temple down over our own heads and the heads of the rest of humanity.

Spike and Repudiate It

ONE thing is certain: the days of the seven seas without an American flag floating over them are at an end. The merchant marine has become the vital issue before the country, by far the most important with which our statesmen have to deal, and the problems connected with it press for a solution.

The enormous increase in ocean freight rates, which in some cases are ten-fold what they were a year ago, indicate our helplessness. They drive the Administration to the conclusion that the only remedy is purchase by the Government of fleets of merchantmen, to be operated, it may be, at a nominal profit; although the President himself has suggested that such vessels should be used in unprofitable trade only.

The logical conclusion is the reverse. By the magic of general war there has been brought about an abnormal equalization between foreign and American vessels. For the first time in decades, even under our oppressive navigation laws, it is possible for American merchantmen to be operated at a profit. Ships have become attractive as an investment. They promise a handsome yield, even if there is a material reduction in rates. Since August a tonnage of approximately half a million has been brought under American registry. This in spite of the unsettled conditions existing, mainly in respect to the interpretation of marine law. Should the Dacia case be decided in our favor, an immediate increase of hundreds of thousands of tons in our marine, purchased by private capital, could reasonably be expected. Let the Government guarantee to privately-owned ships the same protection that it would give its own, and a deluge of money would offer for investment. Nor are there any ships available for purchase by the Government that private capital could not buy.

It is, then, particularly a time to encourage general investment in ships, and most obviously a time not to prevent it entirely by putting the Government into competition with private enterprise. The Administration scheme proposes to keep private American capital off the seas at the very moment when such capital, for the first time in years, is ready for the venture. The Senate, as the citadel of conservative, deliberate and well-digested statesmanship, should spike the project and utterly repudiate it.

Doubtful Status of Hydroaeroplanes

THE protest of the German Ambassador against the further shipment of hydroaeroplanes from the Curtiss works to England must be considered carefully by the State Department. It is not easy to decide offhand whether a hydroaeroplane is a warship or not within the meaning of The Hague convention, because no such vessel existed when that convention was drawn.

The subject should be approached with an open mind, backed by a determination to be fair to all the parties concerned. The fair-minded citizens of the country will be disappointed if the State Department attempts to quibble or indulges in any form of special pleading. We must conduct ourselves in such a way that we can retain our self respect as a nation, whatever may be the effect of our course on any of the belligerents. With this general principle in mind the Government in Washington cannot go far wrong.

Does Not Heed Its Master's Voice

THE people voted $1,000,000 for new hospital buildings at Blockley. Presumably they knew what they were doing and did not expect Councils to nullify their verdict. That, nevertheless, is what Councils is doing, for it refuses to perform its ministerial function of formally appropriating the money. The Johnson contract was a bad enough thing, but it has been sidetracked as a vital issue, and there is no longer even a political reason for holding up the money. It would be a splendid thing for the municipality if Councils represented Philadelphia instead of somebody or something else.

Cardinal Gibbons continues to manifest his usual sanity by denouncing the literacy test in the immigration bill.

Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg is still explaining that when he said "scrap of paper" he meant something else.

Judge Sulzberger calls Director Porter incompetent and Director Porter returns the compliment, so that honors are now even.

The report that Special Consular Agent Carothers was shot in Mexico is denied by Mr. Carothers himself. He was not even half-shot.

The nations have already borrowed all the money there is in the world. They may pay the interest, but they will never pay the debt.

That Democratic Governor of Michigan need not worry about plots to defeat Wilson for renomination. The friends of the plotters are the men to worry.

Pegasus was the first flying machine, but he went cavorting around the sky before The Hague Convention prohibiting the export of war vessels to belligerents had been framed.

Marconi has been recognized by the Italian Government and becomes a member of the Senate. It takes the world a long time to identify genius, but it generally gets there finally.

Representative Gardner is taking particular pains to let it be known that he does not intend to violate our neutrality by calling out the army reserve. He merely wishes to give a dinner to it so that he can see what the 16 men look like. Mr. Bryan will doubtless make the necessary explanation to the diplomatic corps so that the demonstration may not be misunderstood.

MOTION PICTURES AS EDUCATIONAL COURSES

"Extension Work" in City and Country Shows People How Things Are Made. Motography Utilized in Agriculture, Industry and Civic Enterprise.

By FRANCIS HOLLEY
Director of the Bureau of Commercial Economics.

IF THE clock of time turned backward and made us all school boys and girls again, how many of us from preference would study the old-fashioned textbooks which strangle all imagination with the shackles of words? Words mean little to a child; it is the picture that creates the lasting impression, and with children of a larger growth the same is true. Most of us prefer some sort of illustration in the books we read, be it but a diagram to make concrete and vivid that which otherwise is but an abstract thought. Even statements of facts of historical events are but words unless they create in the mind an impression of reality, of vividness. That at which the eye beholds stamps on the brain an imprint more lasting than that which is simply read about. It is the old axiom of experience versus tradition.

We can not all in actuality experience the thrills, the horrors, the delights, the terrors of being rescued by handsome outlaws from the crushing wheels of the onrushing train; or of having vast millions left to us by the fortunate death of an unknown relative who makes us his beneficiary. But by means of the moving pictures we may assume these "Ready to Wear" experiences. With our eyes we see the thing on the screen and the imprint on our minds is so vivid that we react to it as though it were an actual personal experience. How often do we hear in the juvenile police courts the plea of the delinquent, "I saw it in the movies"? Whether this is a perfunctory excuse or not, it indicates that action seen by the eye, recorded on the brain, forms an integral part of our minds and becomes a stimulus, an incentive for future action.

The Public Wants to Know

The philosophy of education has changed from that of the superintendent of one of the large high schools of Philadelphia, who declared very recently that if he had his way there would not even be a blackboard in his school, for the external image destroyed the mental image. If this old doctrine be true how few images we must have in our minds; perhaps this accounts for some of the mental abrasions which occur among our acquaintances.

The progressive scientific instructor keeps abreast of the times. The public is more interested in conditions of the material world than in higher mathematics. Four-fifths of the children in the schools and even a greater percentum of the parents prefer to study those things which vitally interest them. City sanitation, the filtration of the water of the community in which they live, is not only only interesting, it is vital.

The Public Ought to Know

If the Government has the privilege and the right through legislation to investigate the business relations of the great corporations and to ascertain whether or not they are in restraint of trade, how much more has the public the right and privilege to know under what conditions things are made and produced; under what conditions labor is called upon to serve. Mothers have the right to know where the food which is given to their children is prepared.

The president of a great coal company, in explaining how impossible it would be to show coal mines, stated that all you could see was an American with his face black as ink crawling on his hands and knees through a hole in the wall, with a pick and shovel, climbing up on a ledge and there picking all day in the coal with the dust so thick that you could not see him two feet away. We suggested to him, if that were the condition under which he worked his men, we did not blame him for not wishing to disclose to the public at large the conditions existing in his mines. He then offered a picture of a pumping station pumping water 300 feet below the earth's surface. But when we asked to show a pumping station pumping air to the poor miner on the ledge so that he could be seen three feet away he declined. A coal mine is as easy to motograph as a lunch table at a picnic.

The Bureau of Commercial Economics has been founded primarily to disclose by motion pictures, to the whole public, not only to those who can afford a college course, but even to the poorest of the poor, how things are made and under what conditions they are produced.

Afraid of the Truth

Motography has produced all sorts of industrial films, some truthful reproductions of conditions actually existent; others manufactured for the coming of the motographer. We have had films presented to us containing a playlet, a romance and a horde of people emerging from a factory at the ringing of the noonday bell. Investigation has proven that this mass of humanity was an excursion carried to the factory for the purpose of being motographed. But the weaving of a playlet or a romance around an industrial picture does not relieve the manufacturer of his responsibility. The paying of large sums for the circulation of such films through the medium of the motion picture houses does not answer the requirements of the public for information; nor does it justify the exemption of such manufacturers from their obligations to display under what conditions they produce the output of their factory and shop.

More than 250 of the largest manufacturers and producers of America have furnished films to this bureau, showing honestly how the product of their factories is made. In every instance where a peremptory refusal has been given to motographing an establishment, investigation has disclosed that establishment is not of a character which lends itself to motography, and the reasons for this are the unwholesome surroundings under which the employes work and the unsanitary conditions under which the output of that factory reaches the public.

The experience of the last year has clearly proven that every institution that manufactures a product worthy of respect is willing to show just how that product is prepared, for motography reproduces truthful conditions, if it is not trifled with.

State Aid for Motography

The 62 great educational institutions of which this bureau is composed, located in nearly every State of the Union, have undertaken and assumed the burden of disseminating vocational, industrial, commercial and geographical information through all their community centres and in every rural district within their jurisdiction. For this service many States make liberal appropriations. The universities display the films in their own institutions, thus affixing their seal of approval of the character and quality of the films and then send them out in the hands of competent professors to show to the communities.

The agricultural colleges of the States show the agricultural films and other educational films, and then send them out in the lands, affixing their seal of approval, disseminate them through the medium of the State Grange organizations and rural communities. Thus the bureau is able to reach at a low estimate more than 1,000,000 persons a month and acquaint them with the conditions that exist in the industrial world.

This method of imparting information helps the manufacturer to produce better goods, for he will have the pick of the best workmen in the country, who will seek to find a home and employment in the institution which has the most consideration for his welfare. Though it is impossible to take the public into every factory and shop that they may discern conditions for themselves, it is possible to take the factory and shop into every household through the medium of motion pictures.

PORTS OF PHILADELPHIA AND BOSTON

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger.

Sir: If the figures on shipping in the port of Boston in my recent article on the development of Boston port were wrong, as your correspondent, George F. Sproule, thinks they are, I am only too glad to stand corrected. The error, if there was one, must fall on the shoulders of the Boston Port Directors, from whose most recent reports my figures were taken. But I think that Mr. Sproule has in mind the figures for a different year from that reported upon by the Boston Port Directors—whether or not their figures are correct. The totals submitted by the Boston Port Directors covered the year 1913, a point which I may not have made as clear as I thought; whereas Mr. Sproule takes the totals of 1914 in his letter upholding Philadelphia's claim to second rank as a port.

Right or wrong, the figures I quoted seem to me not the material point in my article. I am only too willing to concede to Mr. Sproule whatever honors belong to Philadelphia. The intention of my article was to set forth to Philadelphians, or to any others concerned, Boston's encouraging example of self-improvement. It seemed to me less important to compare Boston with other ports than to compare Boston port today with Boston port before this energetic development was undertaken. Since the war Boston has lost heavily in shipping; but the loss is only temporary. And, regardless of the figures and of Boston's relation to Philadelphia in totals of shipping, the advancement of Boston port, achieved in the face of that discouraging public inertia which so often blocks large public improvements, is a model of enterprise that any city in the country may copy with profit. That was what my article aimed to say. I hope the figures quoted did not obscure that point.

BURTON KLINE.

Boston, Jan. 23, 1915.

SUNDAY DOES NOT FRIGHTEN

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Your accounts of the "Billy" Sunday meetings at the tabernacle are about as accurate as it is possible to be, and in printing these sermons your paper and the other papers are doing a world of good. You are helping the evangelist in the great work in which he is engaged for the uplift of mankind.

I must take exception to the article in your paper of January 20, taken from an interview with the Rev. Mr. St. John, of the Unitarian Church. In the interview many incorrect statements were made, in fact, absolutely untrue. Mr. Sunday is not endeavoring to frighten anybody, nor does he frighten anybody. He simply preaches the plain matter of fact gospel of Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and the people are rushing in the thousands and tens of thousands anxious to hear the word of God preached in the language that every man, woman and child can understand. When he speaks of a little child twelve years old going up the sawdust trail and having no idea of what he is doing, he is not correct, as there are many people living today who date their conversion back when they were much younger in life than 12 years.

There is no vulgarity put into the mouth of Jesus. Mr. Sunday simply wants the people to do as Jesus would have them do, and is voicing the word of God when he says, "God calls for all men everywhere to repent," and any man, no matter who he may be, that cannot see the great good that is being accomplished by the Sunday party in this great city of Philadelphia at the present time certainly must have a perverted mind.

CHARLES H. BARRITT.

Philadelphia, January 22, 1915.

PHOTOPLAY DEPARTMENT

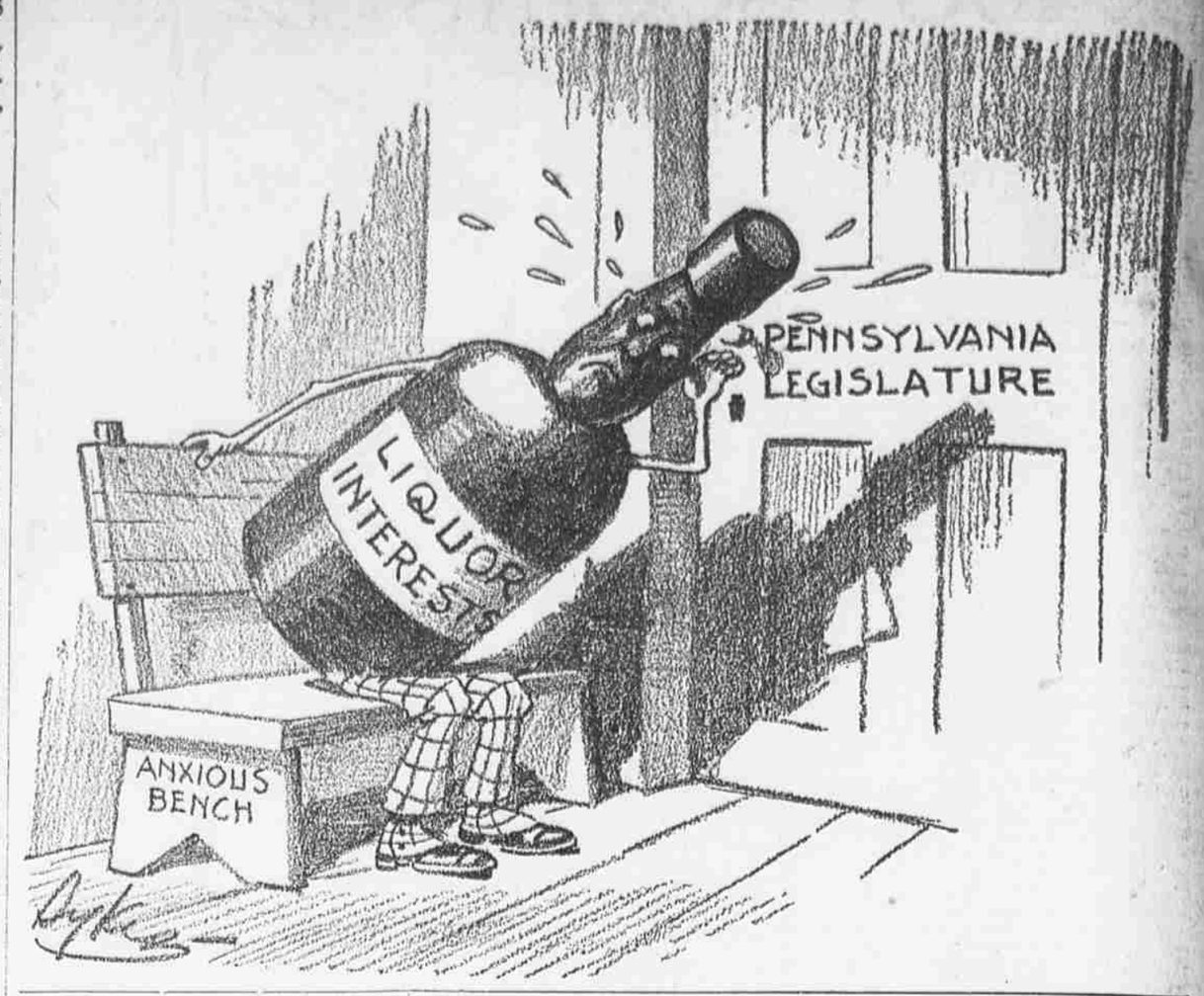
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—We have noticed an unusual activity on the part of the Evening Ledger and the splendid display that has been given to photoplays. I would like to say that in the course of my 9000-mile trip, and after interviewing many of the prominent newspaper men of this country, I have noticed no better presentation of the industry than is now being given in the Evening Ledger, and I feel that the work you are doing and the good you are accomplishing will be of lasting benefit to a great many more people than perhaps we realize, because this industry is getting to be known as a great educational benefit to the community.

CARL H. PIERCE,
Special Representative, Hopworth, Inc.

New York, January 22, 1915.

WATCHFUL WAITING



TELLING WHERE A MAN COMES FROM

You Are Betrayed by Your Accent—Sometimes It Reveals What Street You Live On—Pleasant Pastimes of a Detective of Peculiarities in Speech.

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

PROF. HIGGINS (what a name for a hero!) in Shaw's play, "Pygmalion," enjoys a pleasant evening by telling various characters whom he meets what section of London they come from, reaching his conclusions solely from their accents and inflections. Prof. Higgins isn't a joke, either. "Phonetics" is enough of a science to be put already to practical use by the French police. The tongue, like the thumb, betrays. Have you ever tried to train your ear to the differences in American speech, not only differences between various sections of the country, but between parts of the same section or even the same city? It is a fascinating pastime.

One of the most curious evolutions of American speech is the so-called Bowery accent which the slums of New York are supposed to have produced, and to be producing constantly from the American-born children of foreign parents. This speech is peculiar to New York in many recognizable ways, and yet, on the other hand, it has features which appear to characterize the "tough" dialect of all cities. Its most characteristically New Yorkish feature is much the same as it was a generation ago, when Ed Townsend wrote his famous Chimmy Fadden stories. The combination of either *i* or *e* with the following consonant *r*—as in *girl* or *skirt* or *perfectly*—is its leading variation. *Goil* is often used to represent the curious fate which overtakes *girl* on the East Side, but as a matter of fact it does not correctly represent it. Perhaps the German umlauted *o* would come nearer—*goel*—if you pronounce with your mouth a bit crooked, your nasal passages slightly closed, and your throat constricted.

Indigenous American Accents

And yet the oddest part about this perversion is that in reality it does not appear to be the result of foreign dialects reacting on English, but to have been copied from the native New Yorkers, much as the Southern speech is in part at least an unconscious copy of the negroes. It is common, with variations which Prof. Higgins could easily detect, to Jews, Irish, Italians, in the Bowery districts; and it is common, in a much less nasal and pronounced degree, of course, to the genuine native New Yorkers. By that is meant the men and women who were born of Saxon stock in New York city and raised in its schools.

There are far fewer of such people than you would guess, but those who are true New Yorkers (and Brooklyn is included here), unless they have made a positive effort to overcome the trick, almost invariably pronounce their *ir's* and *er's* with at least a hint of this odd perversion, no matter how gently reared they are. It is common to people of 60 years, and to school girls, so it must have characterized New York speech for at least three generations. I know a school girl in Brooklyn today whose speech in this respect is as different from the accent, say, of President Eliot, as cockney is from the speech of Lord Rosebery. Yet she goes to a school where there are none but children of native families, of gentle blood. The source of the Bowery accent is evidently older than the flood of immigration.

A Bawth in a Bathtub

The New York speech, too, is almost invariably characterized by the flat *a* and the exceptions to the rule are found in a certain social set in the upper strata, so that if you hear a peculiar kind of broad *a* in Sherry's you can almost predict without turning about the kind of little mustache the user will be wearing. Even this stratum, however, doesn't do very well with the broad *a*. I recently heard a New York rector who read, "Dust to dust, and aashes to aashes." The true Bostonian, of course, says simply ashes. It reminds one of the man in Ade's fable, who took a bawth in the bathtub.

It is an open question whether the broad *a* or the flat *a* is going to become the standard of American speech, if we ever have one. There can be no question but the broad *a* is far more musical, and in heightened discourse far more eloquent. "Graant, we beseech Thee—" is far nobler than "Grant, we beseech Thee—." But already there seems to be a strong tendency to restrict the broad *a* to certain classes of people, even in sections where it has hitherto prevailed. It is still almost universal in New England among the native born, and whether a man comes from Philadelphia or Washington can often be determined solely by the way he pronounces his *a's*. But the Southern speech, in other respects often so musical, is apparently more and more inclined to the flat *a*, and it is practically the standard of the West.

A Sign of Philadelphia

In regions where both uses are common, it is almost invariably the more "aristocratic" class who use the broad form. I have fancied that of late this was becoming more marked in Philadelphia.

There are innumerable minor differences in speech throughout America. The people of the Piedmont region of the South, for example, do not talk like those from Alabama or Mississippi. It is only people from the southernmost regions, the black belt, who travel by the Sea Bode A Line. The people of Atlanta are less soft of speech, and much more rapid, than the people of Charleston. It is almost always possible in the South, also, to distinguish the difference between a man one of whose parents was born and reared in the North, and a man both of whose parents were Southerners. The idiom is the same, but the former man does not polish off so many corners of his words.

The New Englander, of course, can tell the difference between a Cape Codder and a New Hampshire farmer before they have spoken ten words. They both pronounce down as if it were deown, but the nasal twang is on a different note. One of the most curious differences in New England, and one which occurs within the smallest radius, is that found in Harvard College. In spite of the great geographical range represented by the student body, the predominant speech at Harvard is Bostonian in character—that is, it employs the broad *a* and is fairly well standardized on dictionary models, through the debating clubs, unconscious imitation, and the example of the professors.

But there is one section of Harvard known as "the Gold Coast," where the majority of the socially elect live, men of wealth, family position, and with that same touch of unconscious arrogance which characterizes their mothers. The Gold Coast lies along Mt. Auburn street, and the curious accent these men have evolved may be called the Mt. Auburn street accent. It is not exactly English, though it has a certain relation to the speech you hear at Oxford. It is the Boston speech with a dash of affectation. These men all read the Boston Transcript. Yet that alone does not describe it. It cannot be described, yet once heard it will be always recognized. I dare say Professor Higgins could stand in Harvard square and tell almost what dormitory each passing Harvard man lived in. Certainly almost anybody can tell which social layer he belongs to. Nor does the accent desert these men in after years. Like the peculiar angle at which they tip their hats when they sit in their clubs, they retain it till their hair is gray.

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND

This "Chant of Love" was, of course, suggested by Ernst Lissauer's "Chant of Hate," familiar through the spirited version of Mrs. Archibald Henderson.

A song of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song;
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love—
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott!
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not—
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The Spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's,
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Fry the stone from the chancel floor,
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground—
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea:
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free;
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, splendor eternal,
England!

—Helen Gray Cone, in the Atlantic.